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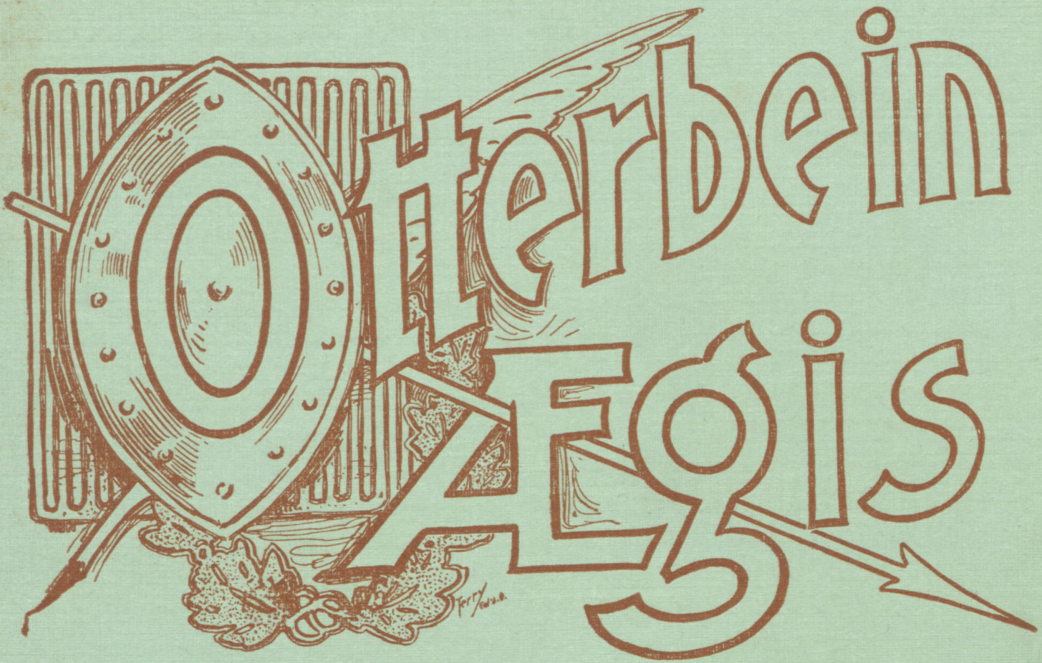
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Dr. T. J. Sanders



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February
== 1905 ==

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Otterbein, '94.

Professor of European and Bible History Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.



VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1605.

No. 6

Flight from the Czar's Realm.

PROF. A. C. FLICK, PH. D.

Little did I think when I crossed the Russian boundary at Alenandrowo armed with a satchel full of divers letters and documents certifying my nationality, character, habits, religion and political complexion, that after making a detour of 3,000 miles through Russia in the dead of winter I should be compelled to flee across the border to Germany like a criminal—and all on account of the irritating, cantankerous Russian officialism.

I found it difficult to get into Russia, but far more difficult to get out. My German friends and my Baedaker both informed me that before leaving the Czar's domain it would be necessary to announce my intention of departure to the Russian police and secure from that omnipotent source a permit signed in due form. Rules are made to be obeyed in Russia. Violation means punishment. Every person within the great empire who wishes to cross the frontier by land or water—it makes no difference whether he be a native or a German, American or

Spaniard—must procure the necessary pass. The fee for a foreigner is a nominal sum; for a native I was told about \$30. No wonder, therefore, that so many Jews and Poles attempt to break through the frontier patrol since that sum will pay their passage to America or England—to freedom and opportunity.

I fully intended to cause no trouble for myself or annoyance to the Russian officials by failing to comply with the regulations, for I had long since learned by sad experience that many things, which make an American's blood boil, simply must be gulped down for the sake of peace and comfort, if not of safety. The necessary lesson of the logic of compromise is not an easy one to learn but Europe is a good school-master. Consequently at St. Petersburg I took my passport to the proper police authorities and requested a permit to cross the boundary line to Germany. I was polite but insistent and quite willing to pay the necessary fees for paper, ink, sand, wax and string. There can be no doubt but

that the officials understood what I wanted. French and German are usually known by the officials in Russia so that one conversant with these languages can make his wants known even if the Russian tongue is an enigma. For some unaccountable reason, however, I was put off from time to time with considerable gruffness. The police officials merely refused to understand what I wanted. I suspected then and my suspicion has since been confirmed by other experience and testimony, that the "open sesame" to the monopoly of this band of Ali Babas, was a golden rubel. Had I allowed my suspicion to determine my course of action it might have saved me from putting my life in jeopardy. After waiting a day for fruitless results I concluded that I had squandered all the time and effort I cared to expend in that direction. Angered at the treatment I resolved to start for Germany without the desired document. In my pocket I had a passport from the Secretary of State of the United States asking all countries in which I happened to be to give me proper "aid and comfort" and to allow me to pass freely in and out. This, together with other letters and documents I carried, I thought would take me over the line.

So I left St. Petersburg without possessing the almighty permit and without anticipating trouble. Although I stopped at Wilma and Kovna en route I neither had the desire, nor the opportunity, without considerable inconvenience, to repeat my experience in St. Petersburg. About the middle of a stormy afternoon we approached Wirballen, the last Russian station where all passes and permits are examined. The large number of soldiers getting on and off the train and standing around the station had informed me for some time that we were near the boundary-line. The frontier between Germany and Russia has a gen-

darme station day and night every thousand feet. These guards are so thick that they almost shoot each other. Back of this line some distance is a second line of infantry and still farther away is a cordon of cavalry. Wily and bold indeed is the Jew or Pole who dares to run this deadly-armed gauntlet.

An hour before we reached Wirballen, the conductor took up my ticket, enquired whether I intended to cross into Germany, and upon my replying in the affirmative demanded my permit. I gave him my passport. Without examining it he folded it and stuck it with the ticket into his pocket. This indifferent action made me feel freer. At Wirballen I attempted to get out of the car but on the steps was stopped by a gendarme with a bayoneted-gun who shook his head and motioned me back into the car. Signs accompanied by a loaded gun are understood without worded explanations. I reseated myself as the only occupant of the car not knowing what would come next. Growing tired of my loneliness I went to the door and soon discovered that my guard could speak a little German. From him I learned that this train, a slow one, never crossed the border, that there were a few other passengers on the train who were also going to Germany, that we would soon be side-tracked awaiting the fast train and that then our cars would be attached to it and taken to Eydkuhnen, the first German station. This information was a great relief, but what had become of my passport? Soon the car in which I was guarded as a prisoner was shifted to a side-track and a gendarme stationed at each end to guard me. Fortunately the German-speaking guard was one of them, and through his leniency I was permitted to get out of the car and walk up and down in front of it to while away the two long hours which seemed like eternity, before the arrival of the fast train.

At last the long-awaited train puffed into the station and my car was switched to the main track and coupled on to the fast train. Now I boldly stepped into the waiting-room to experience another delay of an hour. But meanwhile I had a good lunch with hot tea, studied the people in the station and read the placards on all sides in all languages requesting passengers intending to cross the border to take their original seats upon the sounding of the gong so their passports could be returned. The hour passed quickly and at the expected sign I returned to my seat rather congratulating myself upon my easy escape. Hearing nothing whatever to the contrary during my delay of three hours at Wirballen I had concluded that my regular passport was of itself satisfactory and that I would be allowed to pass over the border-line unhindered. My joy was of short duration. A pompous official in military uniform came into the car, asked my name, and inquired whether the passport he held in his hand was mine. I answered that it was and reached out my hand for the document. He drew it back, said gruffly that the pass was not in order and ordered me to take my baggage and follow him. It was evident now that trouble was ahead.

I was at once conducted to the chief official, a tall, fierce-looking, domineering fellow, with a big moustache, fur cap, spurs on his boots and a sword dangling at his side. His heels and head would certainly have bumped together if someone had suddenly cut open his long military coat as he strutted up and down the platform. Before this mighty personage I was halted and my criminal status explained while my train puffed mockingly away in the darkness toward the Kaiser's realm. The Czar's omnipotent representative glared at me a moment and then with gestures and bad German, uttered in a shrill tone, which sounded like

the clanking of his sword, told me that I was in Russia, that I had no permit from the Russian police to leave, and that I could not leave until I had complied with the law of his Majesty the Czar. On my part I suddenly forgot all my German, shook my head, declared in emphatic and excited English that I was an American who wanted to go to Germany and demanded my passport. In disgust the autocrat turned on his heel after giving some instruction to his lieutenant.

I was now taken into the police office, a stamp was taken from the wall and applied to the back of my passport which was then handed to me. I read in English: "No person can leave the Russian Empire without first having secured a permit from the Russian police. That you have not done. Hence you will have to remain here till the terms of the law are complied with." Of course I could read English. What the next move would be I could not say but I had not long to wait. I was turned over to another official who conducted me through the station to the telegraph office. There I was taken up to the office window, given a telegram and told to send it. My American righteous indignation was rising higher and higher with every step in this encounter with Russian red tape and officialism. I shook my head and declared, "No, I'll not send it!" "Very well," replied my guide, arrogantly, "then you'll go back to St. Petersburg tomorrow."

He took the telegram out of my hand and left the office. I concluded that it was best for me to follow him. He returned to the police headquarters and when I entered was reporting my obstinate behavior to the officer in charge. That individual made the case very plain to me. "You must send this telegram and another like it to every place you have stopped in Russia, and pay money,

MONEY, MONEY, or back you go to St. Petersburg in the morning." Of course I saw the situation with great vividness and made up my mind to comply with the demand. "Give me the telegram, I did not understand," I said, assuming the cloak of humility. It was handed over and I again started for the telegraph office but this time to my surprise and relief no official was sent with me. Perhaps it was supposed that I was cowed and no longer needed surveillance. At all events I entered the telegraph office and asked the operator how much it would cost to send that telegram. He counted the words and answered about two rubles. I saw at once that if I had to pay an equal amount to send a telegram to every place I had visited in Russia and also pay for the replies which might be lengthy I would have a rather dear experience. To that would be added the cost and irritation of a long and uncertain stay at Wirballen until the police at these various places where I had halted had ascertained that I had not attempted to hurl a bomb at the Czar, to steal the church plate or crown jewels, or to preach anarchy and nihilism.

Thanking the operator I walked out onto the platform. The night was as black as pitch. My little grip with all my belongings was in my hand. Every second my anger was rising higher and higher at the red-tape and officialism to which I was subjected. The first Prussian station was just two miles away. Could I outwit the guards at Wirballen, evade the sentinals on the boundary, and reach German soil? In my mood I was ready to charge a Russian brigade. The question was answered emphatically in the affirmative, the telegram was carefully concealed in a secret pocket and I was determined between the dilemma of revisiting St. Petersburg or complying with the extortionate practices at the station to accept — neither. I resolved

to leave my passport as a Yankee souvenir, evade the guard about the station, outwit the patrol on the border and escape to the land of comparative freedom.

I stepped off the platform and started down the railroad track. The intense blackness of the early night was appalling. The absence of snow on the ground added much to the darkness. Save for a few flickering gleams of light from the oil-lamps of the station, not a ray was to be seen. That I might run into the arms or rather against the bayonet of a gendarme at any moment I knew full well. Hence I went slowly, stopping every ten or fifteen feet to look and listen. Occasionally I crouched to the ground to peer along the steel rail, from which was the faintest reflection from the white surface, in order to detect any legs that might be crossing it. If soldiers were stationed along the track I neither saw nor heard them.

After advancing cautiously and slowly for some time I detected at length through the night what seemed like the two arms of a railway bridge. That bridge, I concluded, must be across the stream which divided Russia from Germany and if so, then trouble was ahead for beyond question the bridge would be well guarded. I waited, held my breath to listen, and peered through the darkness. I could hear my own heart beat but no other sound reached my ears. Positive that there was no guard between me and the bridge I moved quietly up to its edge. The sentinel must be on the other side. Across that iron structure I strained eyes and ears but with no result. Emboldened by the conviction that I was alone I concluded to venture across. I took one step on the bridge. Bang! went something making a noise as loud as a cannon. I drew back and crouched to the ground expecting to hear a stern "halt!" or the whizz of a bullet. But the noise died away and my fears

subsided. I was convinced now that I had not yet reached the boundary line — it must be farther along. I began to examine the bridge with a view to crossing. The explanation of the noise was soon apparent — the whole bridge was covered with layers of loose pieces of sheet-iron. Luckily at the left side I found a narrow plank laid across the sheet-iron. I ventured out carefully and to my joy discovered that similar planks extended to the other side.

But where was the boundary? Was I in Germany? Never was I in a greater quandry. Still I felt safe for some reason. Redoubling my cautiousness now I climbed down along the steep bank until my head was on a level with the railway tracks. I fairly hugged the bank as I crept along on hands and knees. The lights at Eydkuhnen were now dimly visible. After proceeding some distance in this manner I saw between me and them a little house at the side of the track. Certainly that must be the little toll house, so familiar along the boundaries of European nations, and there one or more gendarmes would be stationed! Slowly I crawled toward it resolved to slip down the bank and skirt around it as soon as I was convinced of its true nature. A few more anxious minutes revealed to me that it was a freight car on a side-track. I cannot remember any thing in all my life that looked quite so good as that old box-car. Now I was positive that I was on German soil and that the bridge was the boundary.

Becoming bolder I walked out in the middle of the track and started forward at a brisk pace. The lights ahead of me became brighter. A switch engine

passed and the men aboard were talking German. I passed a switch lamp, then a second and by its light I saw above a gate this sign, "Privat Weg." That was exactly what I wanted. Over the gate I went in short order. To my great joy the "Privat Weg" led me in a rather roundabout way to the village Eydkuhnen. In a few minutes more I was in the station with a ticket to Berlin in my pocket. Victory crowned my foolhardy dash for freedom but a bullet at any stage might have put a sadly different end to the story.

While waiting for the train to carry me away from the home of mediaeval despotism and arbitrary police surveillance I entered the waiting-room and ordered a hearty lunch to celebrate my successful adventure. It tasted like ambrosia after a long sojourn in Russia. I had removed my Russian cap and overcoat and was feeling easy and comfortable when the door opened and in walked a Prussian military official accompanied by a Russian gendarme. My heart rose in my throat. "They are after me sure," I thought — the fear of a guilty conscience, no doubt. They glanced sharply around the room, as if searching for some one but not seeing the object of their quest went up to the counter and ordered beer. While their backs were turned I quietly passed out of the side door and hid in the darkness until my train backed up to the station. Then quickly passing through the ticket gate and entered the train, but did not feel perfectly secure until the express had crept along many miles in the darkness away from the heartless, bony-fingered tyranny I had both seen and felt.

Hively Professorship of Modern Language

ALMA GUITNER, A. M.

Professor of German Language and Literature, Otterbein University.

In these days of travel when Americans are constantly visiting the treasure-stores of continental Europe and each succeeding year finds the people of foreign lands coming in larger numbers to see the sights of our vast nation, a knowledge of at least one modern language besides our own is almost a necessity. Contact with persons who speak a language different from ours is becoming more and more common, hence the study of these languages is taking a more prominent place than formerly in our college curricula.

The mastery of a living language which is growing and developing, continually undergoing processes of change, as our own is also doing, has an educative value which is inestimable. It is valuable not only for the mental drill derived therefrom; not only because it may serve as a medium of communication with those of other nationalities; but it opens up to us a wealth of the best literature, the beauties of which are well-nigh lost to him who is not able to enjoy the work of art in its original form. To be sure one can become familiar with the great works of a foreign literature through translations, but a translation must of necessity fail to reproduce that which is most characteristic, the real essence, which defies expression in another language. To him alone who can lose himself in the spirit of the author and yield himself to the influences surrounding those for whom the work was primarily intended, does a study of the literature of another nation give the keenest enjoyment and the most enduring delight. Can one hope to think the thoughts of a Goethe or a Corneille after him unless he is able to grasp the pregnant meaning of his very words? Certainly it is not too much to say that the best eludes him if he must depend upon the work of a translator.

The purpose of the courses in modern languages at Otterbein is to offer to our students the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of these living, spoken languages and by means of this to have ac-

cess to the rich treasures of literature which they have produced.

Since the excellence and strength of a superstructure must depend upon the foundation on which it is built, the first aim is to give the student as thorough instruction as possible in the rudiments of the language. To this end the first year's work both in French and in German is devoted largely to a careful study of the grammar. Translation from the foreign language into English, and from English into French or German is not neglected and by means of written and oral drills the effort is made to acquaint the student with the forms and idioms of the language, so that he may early gain the ability to use it independently. Before the first year is over an easy classic or a short modern story is read, and thus even in the first year some attention is given to work of literary merit.

The second year's work in French is devoted to the reading of several of the best classics and a thorough study of the history of French literature, special attention being given to the works of the seventeenth century and those of the modern period.

In German the study of the classics is begun in the second year. The first term is spent in reading one of the works of Schiller, while the remaining two terms are devoted to modern prose, including selections from history. The purpose of the latter work is to gain a clear conception of the history of Germany, before taking up the history of literature which follows in the third year.

The work of this third year, which is the last required year, includes the reading of some of the best productions of Lessing and Goethe and a general survey of German literature. Each important epoch is taken up separately, the most prominent writers are mentioned and their works carefully discussed. Thus the student becomes acquainted with the best that the nation has produced in all

ages. Comparison is frequently made to the corresponding periods of English literature and priority in the development of literary styles is noticed. Exercises in composition are continued during the entire course and effort is constantly put forth to have the student become familiar with the every-day expressions of the spoken language.

Two years of elective work in German are offered to Otterbein students; one an advanced course, open only to those who have completed the three years of required work; the other designed to meet the wants of those who have elected Greek in their regular college course, but wish to have some German also. The advanced elective consists of the translation of more difficult classic writings, including Goethe's greatest masterpiece, *Faust*, and a more thorough and exhaustive study of literature, based upon a German text-

book. The elective class for Greek students covers the grammar more rapidly than is done by the regular class, and has more time during the year to spend in the translation of a German text by a standard author.

The Otterbein library now has a modern language department of which we can well be proud. Here are to be found complete sets of the works of the best French and German writers, excellent biographies and histories, and many critical works both in English and in the foreign languages. The diligent, thoughtful student will find here abundant aid in adding to his knowledge in these branches. Just recently there has been added to our reading table a German newspaper, which will, it is hoped, add to the interest of the students in this language.



Foundation Stones of Success.

W. D. KRING, '07.

Some one has depicted the Temple of Success as well-built, magnificent building whose portals are reached after an ascent of many difficult steps. These steps are synonymous to Integrity, Industry, Economy, Perseverence, Self-Denial, Temperance and many others. These steps must be surmounted one by one. Perhaps some men are thought to have reached the Temple by one great bound, but a careful study of their careers will show long years of patient toil and perseverance. As H. P. Liddon says: "What we do upon some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline."

Fifty feet of Bunker Hill monument is under-ground, unseen and unappre-

ciated by the thousands who tread about that historic shaft. The rivers of India run underground, unseen, unheard by the millions who tramp above, but are they lost? Ask the golden harvest waving above them, if it feels the water flowing beneath? C. H. Parkhurst says: "That in manhood as much as in house-building, the foundation keeps asserting itself all the way from the first floor up. The stones laid in the underpinning may be coarse and inelegant, but, even so, each such perpetuates itself in silent echo up through to the final." The superstructure of a life-time can not stand on the foundation of a day.

Industry is one of the foundation stones of success. Why not allow a boy to erase from his list of studies all subjects which are distasteful and appear

useless to him? Would he not erase everything which taxed his pleasure and freedom? Alex. Hamilton once said: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; but it is the fruit of labor and thought."

It is an undisputed fact that it is the industrious boy or man who gets along in the world. The sluggish ones do not have the ability and hence do not stick. Dr. Cuyler says: "I have been watching the careers of young men by the thousands in New York City for over 30 years and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power."

We may well say that perseverance is synonymous with industry. Many men have to be driven to work. Even then they do not put forth their best efforts. They want to advance, but they will not persevere. Permanent success is oftener won by holding on than by sudden dash however brilliant. The easily discouraged, who are pushed back by a straw, are all the time dropping to the rear—either to perish, or to be carried along on the stretcher of charity. The one who understands and practices Lincoln's homely motto of "pegging away" achieve the solidest success. It is better to deserve success than to merely have it; few deserve it, who do not attain it. There is no failure in this country for those whose personal habits are good, and who follow some honest calling, industriously, purely, unselfishly. If a man desires to succeed he must pay the price, work. What the world wants is men who are willing to labor and to wait. Beecher once said: "I do not remember a book in all the depths of learning, nor a scrap of literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated."

Sir Henry Havelock joined the army in India in his 28th year and waited till he was 62 before the opportunity came to show himself fitted to command and skillful to plan. During these 34 years

he was busy preparing himself for that march to Lucknow, which was to make him famous.

Farragut—

"The Viking of our western clime
Who made his mast a throne,"
began his career as a mere boy; and waited until he was 64 before he had an opportunity to distinguish himself, but when the great test of his life came, the reserve of half a century's preparation made him a master of the situation.

What the age wants is men who have the nerve and grit to work and wait whether the world applaud or hiss. It wants a Bancroft, who can spend 26 years on the "History of the United States"; a Noah Webster, who can devote 36 years to a dictionary; a Gibbon, who can plod 20 years on "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; a Farragut, a Von Moltke, who have the perseverance to wait and work for half a century for their first great opportunity; a Grant, fighting on in heroic silence, when denounced by his brother-generals and politicians; a Michael Angelo, working seven long years decorating the Sistine Chapel with his matchless "Creation" and the "Last Judgment" and refusing all remuneration therefor, lest his pencil might catch the tint of avarice; a Thurlow Weed, walking two miles thru the snow with rags tied around his feet for shoes, to borrow the history of the French Revolution and eagerly devouring it before the sap-brush fire; a Milton, elaborating "Paradise Lost" in a world he could not see and then selling it for 15 pounds. It wants men who can work and wait.

Some one has said that knowledge is one of the sacred keys which unlock the mysteries of a successful life. This knowledge can be obtained by a thorough education. Most young men think that success can be won without an education. They argue that uneducated men have won success. Ignorant men tell them that grammar and mathematics are of no use to a business man. Learning spoils a man for business; they begrudge the time and money spent in procuring an education. True it is, that some uneducated men by sheer force of luck have won success, but as compared with educated men their chances are small.

The editors of *American Biography* who diligently searched the records of living and dead Americans found 15,142 names worthy of a place in their volumes of successful men, and 5,326, or more than one-third of them were college educated men. One in 40 of college educated men attained a success worthy of mention, but only one in 1,000 of those not so educated; so that the college-bred man has 250 times the chances for success the others have. Medical records, it is said, show that but 5 per cent. of the practicing physicians of the United States are college graduates; yet 46 per cent. of those who become locally famous enough to be mentioned by those editors came from that small 5 per cent. of college educated men.

Less than 4 per cent. of the lawyers were college-bred, yet they furnished more than one-half of those who became

successful. Not one per cent. of the business men of the country were college educated men, yet that small fraction of college educated men had 17 times the chances for success the others had. In brief the college educated lawyer has 50 per cent. more chance of success than those not so favored; the physician 46 per cent. more; the author 37 per cent. more; the statesman 33 per cent. more; the clergyman 58 per cent.; the educator 61 per cent.; the scientist 63 per cent. Each one should therefore get the best and most complete education it is possible for him to obtain. Truly knowledge is one of the secret keys which unlock the hidden mysteries of a successful life.

Thus we may boldly say that the four corner-stones of the Temple of Success are Industry, Integrity, Perseverance and Education, which leads to Knowledge.

The Fate of the Snow.

J. WARREN AYER, '07.

Softly and silently,
Covering all,
The snow o'er the earth
Is beginning to fall.

Buried by snowflakes
And fading from sight,
Each dark spot lies hidden
'Neath garments of white.

But see, though at twilight
The spotless snow lay
A beautiful shroud
For the slow dying day,

With the glittering rays
Of the bright morning sun
The streamlets, like tears
Are beginning to run.

Where the pure snow has melted,
More black than before
The dark spots of filth
Are all showing once more.

In the fate of the snow,
Which has vanished so soon
'Neath the bright morning sun
And the warmth of the noon,

Is a lesson for men,
Who conceal through the night
The smirch of their souls
With a garment of light.

For the sunlight of truth
With its bright burning ray
Will expose their black hearts
To the light of the day.

OTTERBEIN AEGIS

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EDITORIAL

A solemn hush pervades the whole student body. Like a craft caught under the spell of a tropical calm, the sails droop languidly, listlessly in the dreamy air with scarcely a flutter to betray the passing of a zephyr. Now and then you hear of an occasional class "push" or a party of a half-dozen off for the coasting-hill or for a sleigh-ride, but beyond this what has happened calculated to relieve the oppressive monotony? The old-time lively college spirit, and keen rivalry between classes seems to have passed quite away.

Whoever heard of a Freshman class that did not at some time during the year vie with their ancient and time-honored enemy, the Sophomore, for the glory of

supremacy, yet we have now an instance of a perpetual armistice between these two classes. We suspicion a yellow streak somewhere. Last year, when "Aunt Sally" hung on the line, appareled with the gorgeous colors of the several classes, there was a delightful feeling of exhilaration, or when last fall certain benevolent chaps built the president a domicile on the campus, everybody laughed and enjoyed the joke, and pronounced it quite clever. But all that is getting to be ancient history amid the monotony of the daily humdrum of the present. We do not plead for rowdiness — none would more quickly discountenance it — but we maintain that a vital essential to college life is a good round of wholesome fun now and then. We have heard it said by those who ought to know, that we have never had a better class of students than at the present. We haven't any doubt of it. There couldn't be a body of students brought together, in whom the principle of right living runs stronger than in those now present in Otterbein, and for this the college has just cause for pride, but with it all, is not a little good-natured fun compatible with the principle of right living? We would almost prefer to see a canned canine, (that is a canine with a tomato-can appendage) turned loose, than suffer an unbearable calm like the present. Innocent fun is the safest safety-valve for pent-up youth, any one knows about, and so long as persons and property are not harmed why not have a good deal more of it?

A little enthusiasm and class rivalry would season most deliciously the humdrum of daily routine and would harm nobody. Anything, though, but the lifeless, listless, insufferable calmness of "nothin' doing."

We may judge from the silence of the Sibyl Editors this year that some thing exceptionally fine is to be our treat.

They are not blowing any horns nor sending out advance sheets, but from what we can hear they are bunched together and into the business for keeps. Things are done up in a prompt and business-like fashion, which is a good omen. The College Annual has come to stay, at least in Otterbein, and if we may offer a word of suggestion to the hard-working editors, we would say, please eliminate all dry and prosy essays that have a sombre hue of tomb-stones and cram the volume full of the cleanest, breeziest jokes and spicy sayings you can gather. We don't want treatises on economics, philosophy, nor any such like, but good wholesome fun, and plenty of it. Furnish this and no one will regret the price of his Annual and the editors will have the gratification of knowing the world is better by a few more smiles and some hearts cheered that all too soon will have to face the serious in life.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

There is no body of students in which there is not a mystical something called college spirit. This manifests itself in many different ways. By some means, to a great number of students, it is measured by the number of pranks played. If the bell-clapper is stolen twice a year, the sanctum of some professor desecrated, and innumerable small, mean tricks played, college spirit is high. On the other hand, if the faculty is blessed with an orderly student body—and is not compelled to call any one before its august assemblage, college spirit is low.

A definition of college spirit might be that it is the devotion which a student has for his college. This will call for no mean tricks. In fact it calls for a student mutual aid society. No advantage is taken of anyone. The welfare

of the college is at stake in everything done. Each student strives to do his best, for besides a loss to himself, the institution which he represents would lose in influence if he does only half his work.

Such a college spirit brings loyalty to athletics. In no other field does the small college so much need the support of the students. This support is given because the spirit makes athletics pure, and because of this the team is a *true* representative of the college. It also imparts to the student body that enthusiasm which is the life of athletics.

Such a spirit brings loyalty to all the departments of the institution. If rivalry exists, it is that friendly rivalry which strives for best grades. As a result of this loyalty, a devotion to the professors is aroused. This devotion is measured by the impression which the professor makes on the student's mind, which in turn is measured to a large degree by the congeniality of the two natures.

But because students are members of a great fraternity, enthusiastic concerning athletics, and loyal to the different departments of the college, it need not be thought that they are dull and do not enjoy social functions. While such things are side issues, yet a school animated by such a spirit as has been defined will be sociable, and there will be no harsh feelings between certain portions of the student body. In fact *harmony* will be the pass-word to all such affairs and to the college in general.

The college spirit that has been described is not visible to persons by whom it is possessed. It is a potentiality which manifests itself at certain critical moments when for any reason the college is endangered. Its motto is loyalty; its keynote devotion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

C. O. ALTMAN.

Br'er ground-hog saw his shadow.

B. F. Shively, who is attending Union Biblical Seminary, attended the Bible Conference held here in January. Mr. Shively will re-enter Otterbein in March and complete the course with this year's class.

And the tears of the Sophomores mingled with the falling rain.

Miss Adrienne Funk spent Sunday, February 5th, with her parents in Dayton, O.

C. O. Altman and Sardis Bates were seated (amid deafening applause by the Juniors) with the Senior class on Monday morning, January 16th. This increased the number of members in '05 class to 21.

Sunday morning, January 15th, Dr. J. P. Landis of Dayton Union Biblical Seminary delivered an able sermon in the College Chapel which was appreciated by all who heard it. Students are always glad when Dr. Landis comes to Otterbein for he always has something instructive, something bright and interesting for them.

Thursday, January 26th, was day of prayer for colleges. On that day all regular college work was suspended and the day given up entirely to devotional services. It was a most profitable day at Otterbein.

Miss Milne has taken charge of the ladies' gym class.

On the evening of January 19th the students were fortunate in being able to hear the famous lecture by John P. D. John on the subject, "Did man make God or did God make man." Throughout his entire address Dr. John commanded the undivided attention of his audience. The lecture was remarkable for the depth of thought and soundness of logic. This is the second time that Dr. John has appeared here and each time he has proven himself a masterly and eloquent speaker.

A recent addition to the student body was in the person of Miss Laura Mahaffey.

Drs. Scott and Sanders spent several days at the beginning of this month in Dayton, looking after interests of the College.

The Philaethean girls granted the Philomatheans the use of their hall while the boys' hall was being remodeled.

Several students recently suffered from an attack of mumps, among the victims were Thomas Hughs and Nora Wills.

Wednesday evening, January 25th, Elias B. Day, lecturer and impersonator gave his lecture on "People." Mr. Day is a lecturer of rare talent. His impersonations of typical characters were enjoyed by all. He kept his audience in continued expectancy. While Mr. Day's lecture was very entertaining, it was also very instructive. This is the second time Mr. Day has appeared here. He was secured by our lecture course managers as an extra number.

The last year's Sibyl board seems still to hold a considerable part in human affairs. Several Columbus gentlemen seem deeply interested in it.

It seems that not sufficient interest is being taken in the rendition of Handel's "Messiah" to make it a success. Unless Prof. Bendinger can secure at least thirty voices the "Messiah" will not be given. As the professor is willing to give his time to the drilling of the chorus it seems that there ought to be enough interest manifested in this work as will justify the professor in giving it.

The Sibyl board of 1905 has placed a box in the North hallway of the Chapel to receive anything you may wish to see in this year's Annual. The promoters of the Sibyl will be glad for any good jokes, stories, original poems, etc., that you may have to contribute. They do not agree to print everything but they will print the best.

James W. Harbaugh of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Metta McFadden on Sunday, February 5th.

Charles Funkhouser of Dayton spent Sunday, February 5th, with his brother, Luther, here.

The January Bulletin of Otterbein is now ready for distribution. It is the object of the University to introduce a special feature in each Bulletin. This one has been made the Inaugural number. It contains a complete account of the inauguration of Dr. Louis Bookwalter as president of Otterbein University. Each separate address is here given in full, making it a most desirable little pamphlet. It is the wish of the authorities here that this special bulletin have as wide a distribution among the friends of the University as possible. This number is especially designed for the alumni and friends of the institution.

Mr. S. R. Snavelly of Massillon, O., brother of Dr. Chas. Snavelly was the guest of his son, W. G. Snavelly for a few days at the beginning of the month.

Raymond Thorne of Wabash, Ind., was the guest of his sister, Essie Thorne, a few days recently.

The revival services which were conducted by Rev. Steiverson have closed. There were several conversions and additions to the church.

The comptroller of the currency at Washington has approved the application of J. Shaffer, J. W. Markley, Wm. Clark, and others, to organize the First National Bank of Westerville with \$25,000 capital. The stock is now being successfully sold and the outlook for another bank is encouraging.

Dr. Sanders recently had the floor of his recitation room repainted and incandescent lights installed. The Doctor believes in keeping things in order.

Prof. and Mrs. Wagoner entertained the following guests on Sunday, February 5th: Dr. and Mrs. Maynard of Columbus, Miss Maynard of Cincinnati, Miss Pfaffman of Cleveland, and Misses Rock and Kirkpatrick and Messrs Iman and Meyer of Otterbein.

President Bookwalter and Dr. Sanders attended the meeting of Ohio College presidents and deans at the Chittenden hotel Monday night.

The Senior class met recently and decided upon J. Frank Hanley, governor of Indiana, as the man who should act as representative for class of '05. Gov. Hanley is a rising leader of the middle west, being of the type of Gov. Folk of Missouri. He is a man who has fought his way up from the ranks and he has the reputation of being a remarkable organizer and campaigner. He will come recommended as a public speaker of the highest ability. It will be a rare privi-

lege to hear such a man upon such an occasion.

Rev. T. O. Burtner led the chapel services on the morning of February 7th and afterward gave a short but very interesting talk to the students on the importance of missions. Mr. Burtner has had a large experience as an organizer and promoter of missionary work and he drove home some very plain facts drawn from his experience.

Mr. Fred Dubois has been appointed chairman of a committee which is to arrange for the giving of a minstrel show for the benefit of athletics. We believe that such an event would be welcomed by the students and would receive their liberal patronage.

Gertrude Barnette was recently called to her home in Rich Valley, Ind., by the death of her nephew.

The names of the debaters in the contest on Thursday evening, February 16th for a place on the team that is to meet Wooster were: F. P. Rosselot, W. E. Hanger, E. J. Leshner, W. O. Snavelly, Wm. Deller, L. E. Garwood, R. E. Offenhoeur.

The successful debaters were: W. O. Snavelly, 1st; A. P. Rosselot, 2nd; Wm. Deller, 3rd; R. E. Offenhoeur, alternate.

D. N. Postlewaite of Columbus, Rev. Alexander and Prof. McFadden of Westerville acted as judges.

These men will represent Otterbein against Wooster. The date for this debate has not yet been definitely determined upon but will occur the same evening of the Wooster-W. & J. debate. The debate will take place in the College Chapel and should be an event of the highest interest to every public-spirited student of Otterbein. The association will be at considerable expense in holding the debate here, so that it must ask

for a most liberal patronage in order that expenses can be met.

The question discussed on last Thursday night and the one chosen for the inter-collegiate contest is as follows:

"Resolved, that assuming the adoption of adequate constitutional amendments courts should be established in the United States for the compulsory arbitration of disputes between employers and employed."

The following definition of compulsory arbitration as found in C. D. Wright's outline of Practical Sociology (page 298) has been agreed upon:

Compulsory arbitration — A method by which one of the parties may compel the other to submit all points of controversy to an official board or court.

Thursday evening, February 9th, Robert S. McArthur delivered in the College chapel his great and eloquent lecture on "The Empire of the Czar or the Great Bear of the North." Dr. McArthur is a man of broad scholarship in the history and polity of nations. It was one of the most scholarly and eloquent lectures heard here in years.

W. F. Overly, member of our First Church, Greensburg, Pa., accompanied by his wife and son, paid Otterbein a friendly visit early in February.

Messrs. H. W. Denlinger and H. H. Davis very materially assisted our pastor in conducting his revival meetings. Mr. Denlinger occupied the pulpit on Sunday evening, January 29th, and a few evenings later Mr. Davis helped in the same way.

At the installation session of the Philophronean Literary Society Friday evening, January 26th, the following program was rendered:

Music — "Gretna Green Waltzes." Orchestra.

Critic's Retiring Oration — "Life's Royal Path." A. L. Boring.

Music — "Hark the Trumpet Calleth." Glee Club.

President's Vaedictory — "The Progress and Power of An Idea." C. O. Altman.

Quintet — "Massa's in de cole, cole groun'."

Baritone solo by Mr. Horn with banjo imitation by Quintet.

President's Inaugural — "Russia's Weakness." E. J. Pace.

Music — "Sho gun waltzes." Orchestra.

Paper — "The Observer." B. F. Bean.

Sextet — "Last Night."

Tenor solo by E. M. Hursh, pantomime by Miss Monroe and humming accompaniment by Quartet.

Thomas Hughs, '05, spent a few days last week at the home of one fair and far away on the banks of the Wabash.

The beautifully remodeled and refurnished Philomathean hall was fittingly dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Friday, January 27th. It was an event of great interest to the members and friends of Philomathean and marks a red-letter day in their calendar. The hall is the pride of the society and no expense was spared in remodeling and further beautifying it. In the after-

noon a reception was given in the hall which was attended by a large number of admiring alumni and friends. In the evening the following program was rendered to a large and appreciative audience.

Selection — Mlle. Napoleon (Gusta Luders). Philomathean Orchestra.

Address of Welcome — "Influence of the Beautiful." L. A. Weinland, '05.

Music — Selected. Philomathean Quartet.

Response — Rev. J. G. Huber, '88.

Violin Solo — Fantasie, Scene de Ballet (Chas. N. Beroit). Fred Dubois.

Sketch — Guide Number 389. C. M. Starkey, '05.

Overture — Light Cavalry (F. V. Suppe). Orchestra.

Address — Hon. L. D. Bonebrake, '82.

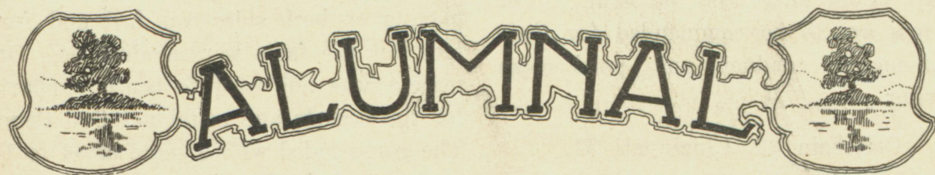
Music — Selected. Octette.

Extemporaneous speaking by alumni.

Overture — Barber of Seville (Rosini) Orchestra.

Adjournment.

The next number of the Citizens' Lecture Course will be given in the College chapel Tuesday evening March 7th and will consist of the rendition of the famous poem, "Enoch Arden," by Margaret Stahl.



B. F. Cunningham, '03, has accepted the pastorate of the First United Brethren Church of Braddock, Pa.

The following item concerning J. A. Barnes, '94, is taken from the Columbus Evening Dispatch:

"Rev. James Allison Barnes of Columbus, who was a candidate for the pastor-

ate of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Hamilton, notified the officers of that church Thursday evening that he had withdrawn his candidacy and had accepted the pulpit of the Bolton Avenue Presbyterian Church at Cleveland, O. Rev. Mr. Barnes was formerly pastor of the West Broad Street Presbyterian Church in Columbus."

Several members of the alumni were present at the dedication of the remodelled Philomathean hall. Among them were J. G. Huber, '88; L. D. Bonebrake, '82; J. R. Walton, '01; J. D. Reibel, '97, and H. M. Kline, '01.

L. A. Bennert, '97, who has been sick with typhoid fever, has recovered and is again at his school work.

Bess Detwiler, '02, spent a few days visiting friends at Otterbein.

J. A. Howell, '92, of Golden, Colorado, stopped in Westerville while attending the funeral of his father.

C. E. Byrer, '97, of Mechanicsburg, has been elected rector of the Church of the Good Sheperd, Columbus, O.

W. C. Reichert, '99, is having very good success in the piano business at Seattle, Wash. He is with the firm, Reichert Bros. & Co.



BASKET-BALL.

Otterbein 38, Bliss College 35.

January 20th.

This, as can be seen from the score, was a close game, played hard and fast. The visiting team showed up very creditably and worked like tigers through it all. We had the advantage, however, of acquaintance with the home floor else the result would have been doubtful. The visitors are to be commended for their gentlemanly conduct and good clean playing.

Otterbein 23, Cincinnati 31.

The O. U. team met the squad from Cincinnati University en route from Kenyon to O. S. U. on the home floor, Friday evening, February 3rd. This was the first game of the season in which the element of roughness was eliminated. The members of the visiting team were gentlemen. Our boys played a hard, fast game, but their opponents were faster. However, such a defeat is not

dishonorable for Cincinnati is supposed to be in the Yale class. The score as above hardly seems to justify the supposition.

Denison 34, Otterbein 13.

The game at Granville, February 4th, was a surprise to our boys. They did not definitely know the strength of the Denisonites but a cleaner game of basket-ball, however, was never played. The playing on both sides was fast and furious but the fates were against us. Otterbein was not used to board supports for the baskets and could not find them. The game ended with a score of 34 to 13 in favor of the Baptists.

Wittenberg 37, Otterbein 16.

The local team swooped down upon the Wittenbergers Saturday, February 11th, but failed to carry off their prey. The condition of the floor was against our men, and this accounts in a measure for the score. The game on the whole was quite clean. To have all the particulars of the game and the trip it will

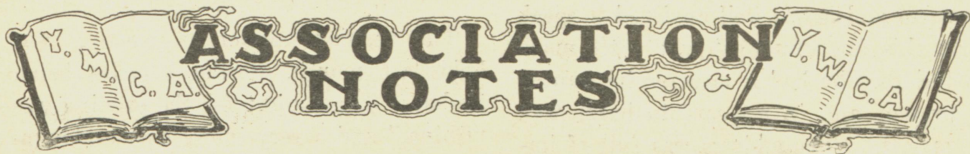
be necessary to ask Dittmer and Bennett about the London pies. A good time and the score as above tells the tale. Hughes was missed in this game as in the two preceding.

LADIES' TEAM.

Muskingum 9, Otterbein 22.

A clean, pretty game of two 15 minute

halves was contested Friday evening, February 11th, on the home floor. The girls were in their element and carried off the prize with little difficulty, and thus atoned for their recent defeat at Muskingum, which game, played according to men's rules, resulted in a score of 8 to 4 in favor of Muskingum. "Girls will be girls," see?



Y. M. C. A.

The Bible Institute held January, 14th and 15th was a decided success. With the exception of one or two meetings it was well attended. The program was strong. Such subjects as are vital to the work of an Association and vital to a Christian were discussed by able speakers.

The Saturday morning session brought us a very helpful Bible reading on the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, which was made vivid and wonderfully replete with meaning to us all. Dr. Lewis, formerly the president of Chattanooga University and now pastor of Bryden Road M. E. Church, gave the reading. Mr. C. C. Hatfield of the State University, then gave a strong address.

The afternoon brought to us W. W. Peter of Dayton and Henry W. Clark of Cleveland, both of whom gave very practical and helpful instruction.

The evening was given to Dr. J. P. Landis of the U. B. Seminary at Dayton. He spoke impressively upon "The Claim of the Bible Upon Young Men." Sunday morning in the College, to a large audience, Dr. Landis preached the In-

stitute sermon. His text was, "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of Heaven." This was a very inspiring discourse.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Clark conducted a Bible class, taking "The Boy Jesus" for his subject. Mr. Clark closed the Institute with an address at six o'clock. This was the best Institute we have had at Otterbein and we are sure that its results are very far-reaching.

On February 2nd Prof. F. E. Miller led the Y. M. C. A. He spoke that evening with unusual power and with telling effect. Dr. Miller's life is just as strong as his words. In fact his words are strong because of his life. A good number of men were led to take a positive stand for Christ.

Our Associations here were much favored in having Dr. Cylas Haas, the National Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, with us in the interest of his department. He spoke Tuesday, February 7th, to a large body of students on the subject "Choosing a Career." He spoke again the following evening, presenting the claims of Mission Study upon young people.

Mr. Haas is a very forceful, earnest speaker, and his addresses moved men and women to good decisions. Twenty-five enlisted in the study of missions who have not been interested in that department. Many others have entered since.

February 9th Dr. James Albert Patterson, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church of Columbus, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on "The Ministry as a Life Work." Dr. Patterson is a popular preacher and is one well qualified to speak upon this important subject. He made us feel that he had a message he wanted to present and in a heart to heart way he gave it. The address was full of important truth relating to this sacred calling. We hope we may have Dr. Patterson speak to us again.

Y. W. C. A.

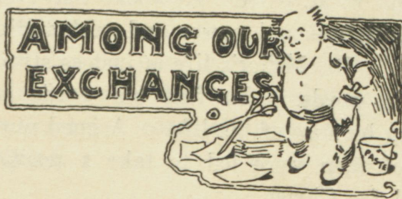
The work of the Association for this term is progressing very nicely. The weekly meetings were preparatory to the

revival services which were held.

An encouraging feature of our work is the formation of a new Bible Study Class, Mamie Geeding being the teacher. Several new girls as well as a few others desired to enter a Bible Study Class, so it was found necessary to organize a new class. This department of our Y. W. C. A. work is one of the strongest in the state in comparison with the number of girls in the Association.

The regular missionary meeting was held last month, Bertha Charles being leader. The subject for the evening was "China," and a very interesting and helpful meeting was held.

At the regular cabinet meeting February 4th, the general work and outlook of the Association were discussed. Also plans for the coming social to be given the boys of the Bible classes were considered.



Andrew Carnegie again benefactor. Soon after the recent disaster of Lebanon Valley College, in the burning of their administration building, Mr. Carnegie offered the college \$50,000 providing the college itself would raise an equal amount. At the time of the fire there were four buildings nearing completion and since then plans have already been made for the erection of four more. We

wish to congratulate the college and its friends on their splendid prospect for an ideal college plant.

Yale has the longest and most severe collegiate basket-ball schedule of the season. Thirty-nine games in all will be played.

Among the new exchanges of January we wish to mention especially *The Oracle*, published by the students of Woodward High School of Cincinnati. We appreciate very much a paper that comes to us in so neat a form and full of interesting material. Notice the beautiful cover design.

We wish to congratulate the editor and staff of *College Chips* on the neat new form they have given their paper. We can easily recognize it since it is only "Chips from the old block." Could not many others well sacrifice a little broadness to gain more depths, as the editor of the *Chips* says they have done.

The January number of *The Susquehanna* came in its usual neat dress and contains several good articles.

Have you seen the pretty cover of the "Fire Number" of *The Forum*?

The students of Oberlin were made glad on the morning of January 17th when their president, Dr. King, announced to them that Mr. Carnegie, the

great benefactor, would make good all funds which were lost by students in the recent bank disaster of their town.

One half of one per cent. of the population of the United States is college-bred. From this small number, 45 per cent. of senators, 36 per cent. of congressmen, 56 per cent. of vice-presidents, 65 per cent. of speakers of the House of Representatives, 33 per cent. of supreme court judges, and 78 per cent. of presidents have been chosen.

"Doctor," queried the inquisitive person, "do you believe the cigaret habit causes weak minds?"

"Not necessarily," replied the M. D., "as a rule it merely indicates them."—Ex.

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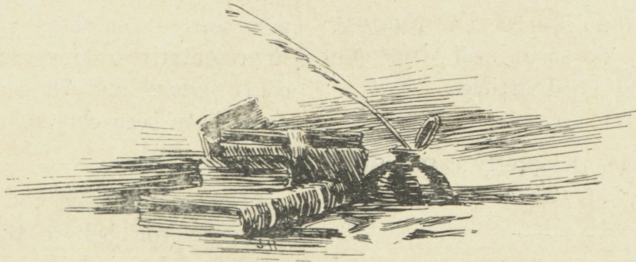
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